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COMMONWEAL

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Assessing the Blame

ONE aftermath of the Detroit race riots which has attracted very little national attention is the statement by Prosecutor William E. Dowling of that city, in which he charged the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People with being "the biggest instigator of the recent race riot" and likewise charged the Negro press with having stirred up "ill feelings among their own people for the sole purpose of selling their yellow papers." Dowling opposes calling a Grand Jury to investigate the riots. His statement further indicated that he believes Negroes are solely responsible for what happened.

This week in New York we have had serious disturbances in Harlem which everyone concerned admits were started by Negroes and limited to Negroes.

Granting for the sake of argument that what Prosecutor Dowling says about Detroit is true (and we believe that it is not), and freely admitting that the trouble in Harlem was of purely Negro origin, we must still point out that the ultimate cause of such events lies in white injustice to the Negro. There seems to be no doubt that among certain Negroes there exists a spirit of great truculence and arrogance. There are some scores of Negroes apparently only too willing to start fights, and such fights can rapidly degenerate into riots. Not for a moment do we condone this situation, but in honesty white men should ask themselves how it has come to pass.

Certainly much of the Negro press is nothing of which to be proud. With few exceptions, these weekly papers are and have been for years inflammatory and sensational. Too often when a white policeman uses force on a Negro, banner heads proclaim "White Brutality." If the Negro happens to have acted in such a way as to provoke the policeman, that fact is never mentioned. In a much more dignified and honest way, the NAACP has employed somewhat the same tactics. Now there was a time when these tactics were sound because they reflected the truth. There was a time when very few Negroes in America showed any degree of arrogance or any chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. They were, indeed, too submissive. The vast majority of Negroes are still peaceful and law-abiding citizens, but there are unquestionably some of them who cannot be so described. and it is this minority which is playing into the hands of the few whites who consciously desire to preserve and even to increase feeling against Negroes.

Perhaps the best thing Mayor LaGuardia has ever done is to call Negro leaders together in a concerted effort to hold these unruly members of the race in check. As soon as trouble broke out in Harlem, 1,500 Negro citizens of unquestionable standing were immediately mobilized under a retired Negro police lieutenant and assisted the regular police in patrolling the affected areas. Detroit papers please copy!

Certainly THE COMMONWEAL has for years insisted upon justice to the Negro and has protested every important instance of injustice. Yet we earnestly recommend both to the Negro press and to such agencies as the NAACP that they reconsider their tactics in the light of existing circumstances. Only by so doing can they prevent a tremendous increase in prejudice against their race among white people who have never felt very strongly about the subject and who now are acutely aware of a new temper among some of the younger generation of Negroes.

Anyone who has studied the history of race relations in this country can understand this new temper and can see that fundamentally it is blamable upon white injustice. But the ordinary citizen cannot be expected to understand. He sees only the immediate cause of trouble, and he reacts immediately to it. If his reaction is not to turn into blind racial hatred, it can be prevented from doing so only by an honest and self-critical attitude on the part of Negro leaders. In the long run the only way the resentment among Negroes can be eliminated is for whites to examine their consciences with regard to interracial justice.

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Our Sicilian Money

SUPERFICIALLY there are certain resemblances between the lire which the American forces have introduced into Sicily and the occupation marks with which the Germans first flooded Paris three years ago. Both currencies had been prepared beforehand as an integral feature of military occupation. Both were issued to occupying troops and found their way into local circulation. The nazi soldiery stuffed their paper money into the stores, sending home vast booty in food and drink and Parisian finery. Soon the shelves were empty. Next occupation marks were utilized to expropriate French business enterprises, systematically, one by one. For, in the long-pondered nazi New Order, Germany was to own and control Europe's principal means of production. The other peoples were permanently to function as dependents, slaves.

We, who seek the liberation of the European peoples, have quite other objectives in bringing our own currency with us. Soldiers the world over gun for souvenirs, and as the forces in Sicily get their pay in "occupation lire," American inroads into the island's already depleted stocks of commodities seem almost inevitable. But the general aim of AMGOT is to keep normal services in operation and thus speed the day of reconstruction. And instead of buying in with paper money, we plan to enable the Italians and other peoples to start up and expand enterprises that hasten their return to some sort of normal life. Presumably, as Axis defections grow, the United Nations will leave the policing of vast areas to the provisional governments in whom Walter Lippmann has such faith. In this latter case there should be even less reason for bringing in our own currency. It is our concept of the best interests of the liberated peoples, then, rather than any plans of domination, that motivate our occupation.

The difficulties in carrying out our intentions —of introducing American paper money in the interest of liberated populations—have already been been made clear in both Sicily and North Africa. A complete solution has not yet made itself plain. Here are a few suggestions: Issuance of this new currency must continue to be rigidly controlled and the people must gain confidence that they will be spared post-war inflation. The rates of exchange we fix will have to be adjusted as conditions change and must not give our soldiers excessive purchasing power as compared with local residents.

Our currency should remain interchangeable with already existent national currencies. It should be used judiciously to bolster important local enterprises. Our immediate monetary policy in occupied and liberated territories has a large rôle in determining the attitude of the nations with whom we plan to re-establish a peaceful world.

Preliminary Barrage

THE ARTILLERY of reaction has already started its salvos against winning the peace. The big guns are aimed principally against those who dare suggest that America has any responsibility for the rest of the world. A chorus of booms is thundering out Cain's answer.

In the midst of all the noise, it is very difficult to hang on to a sane point of view. The first objective of our reactionary friends is to undermine the present Administration. Now if you are in the position of finding much to criticize in the New Deal, and yet you are even more opposed to the advocates of *status quo ante,* what are you to do? You certainly cannot honestly give the New Deal a clean bill of health, and yet you are even less inclined to let yourself be in any way associated with those who hate the New Deal for selfish and partisan reasons.

The current *Reader's Digest* represents one of the larger field pieces of get-Rooseveltism. It starts off with a leading article (reprints, we are told at the end of the article, are available in bundle lots) which subtly and ingeniously undermines the idea that America can do anything useful or helpful to the rest of the world—except by minding its own business. The author, Mr. Henry J. Taylor, has just written a book, and what the *Digest* publishes are excerpts entitled "Boondoggling on a Global Basis."

Another article, this time by a United States Senator, attacks the executive agencies in Washington for having assumed unwarranted and tyrannical power. A third article, this time by Louis Bromfield, blames the whole food shortage on mismanagement by the Administration.

All three of these attacks are splendid specimens of partial truth. By picking your evidence and neglecting everything which might weaken your case, it is very easy to prove almost anything you want. Mr. Taylor tells us about a few silly American officials abroad, and proceeds to the conclusion that all American officials will be equally bungling. Hence let us mind our own business. The worthy Senator points to what have undoubtedly been abuses of power on the part of executive bureaucrats, and then would have us infer that all Federal agencies are stepping stones to totalitarianism. Mr. Bromfield does not once mention in his article the great share of blame for our food situation which must be placed squarely at the door of the farmers' organizations and of the farm bloc in Congress.

All this is probably merely a sample of what will soon turn into an all-out bombardment. Let us hope that for the welfare of our country this sample is not characteristic of all the criticism directed against the New Deal. Bitter partisanship and deliberate falsification do us no good, especially when used in the interest of blind reaction.

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Young Man with a Gun

HE IS an American. The tattoo needle has sewed the flag into his arm, and if he gets out of jail, he wants to go to Italy to kill Italians.

His girl, I take it, would not miss him if he went to Italy. She seems to have no stomach for killing. What goes on in her young and turbid mind I do not know. For when Aldo phoned her from jail she had gone to Cleveland.

"I guess she's running out on me," Aldo said.

He is growing a beard, this youth who killed one man, probably killed another and shot at a third. The judge, he thinks, seeing him with a beard, will think Aldo has been in jail a month. And the judge will then feel sorry for him. This is the way he is thinking—this youth who has killed a man.

I doubt that the judge will feel sorry for him. But I do. For he haunts my own youth, and solicits my weak imagination. He asks questions that I cannot answer. He baffles my mind. He denies reason. I can fit him into no pattern. He refuses the simple category of criminal. I suppose that alienists will submit him to their tests. They may even say that he is insane. But he will trouble my sleep none the less on that account. Life cannot be squeezed into such easy formulae as sane or insane.

Aldo Trani, who is sixteen, feels that his mother won't like this very well. I don't suppose that she will. I don't suppose that when her heart leaped many years ago at the command of his father's eyes, that she thought she would have a murderer for a son. I don't suppose that when this life first leaped in her body, kicking to emerge into this world, she thought of the impulses to kill. I don't suppose that when those tiny, star-fish fingers softly closed on her, she thought that they would squeeze a trigger and kill a man.

No, Aldo, I do not think that she will "like it very well." For she had always told you to be a good boy.

All mothers tell their sons to be good boys. All Catholic mothers pray that their sons will be good boys. They light vigil lamps before altars. Before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. They come back from altar rails, and implicate their hands, and say: "God, make him a good boy."

I suppose that sometimes she lay frightened in the night, hearing the noise of big thunder, and thinking it was guns. I suppose they drummed in her ears like a noise in dreams. She must have been afraid of the heard sound of guns—thinking fearfully that they may bring death on some foreign battlefield to her son.

But he will not die in Italy, I think.

You talk well, Aldo. For you are only a boy. But you talk too much. And I cannot make sense of your talk. For you say that you were "boiling mad." I find no evidence for that. And that is why you baffle me. For you are too unemotional. I do not think that you were "boiling mad."

Aldo met his friends in a pool room. "Let's go out and kill a nigger," someone said. They all agreed that this was a good time. For they had nothing else to do. They rode around Detroit refusing to shoot at "niggers in bunches." For they wanted "some guy all by himself." When they found one, Aldo turned the car around. Aldo almost stopped the car some fifteen feet from the man and shot him dead. He shot at another Negro later and saw him fall. And at another. But in this case Aldo thinks that he missed.

Aldo was in no danger. Nothing he loved was at stake. But he and his friends had nothing else to do. They had a car—and a gun. The gun was not for hire. It was not a gangster's gun. Aldo was stealing nothing—rifling no bodies. He was after no loot.

I would like to know Aldo. I would like to talk to him quietly. I would like to know what he believes in—and what he disbelieves. I would like to know, Aldo, why you did not get into high school. Nor your three friends. I would like to know why you did no reading.

You are important to me, Aldo. You are important to Detroit. And to America. It is not important that I discover all the answers to you. But it is important that Detroit discover them. It is important that America discovers the answers.

The sociology books that I have read, Aldo, contain answers. But I do not like them. I do not think that they explain you to me, or to Detroit, or to America.

How can a boy of sixteen get into a car and go riding to murder? Go pulling a trigger as calmly as I light my cigarette?

Did you have no fun, Aldo? Where did you play when you were younger? What made you feel so impotent? Why did life cheat you, and burn to ashes in your mouth? When your mother told you to be a good boy, did she have some premonition of this strange fulfillment?

I do not know, Aldo. I only know that you killed because on the afternoon of June 21 you had nothing else to do. So you engaged in a man hunt. And now you want to kill Italians in Italy.

I do not think that we will let you kill the Italians, Aldo. We have had enough of your killing. You are too callous about it. You do it too expertly. Our youth baffle us, Aldo. And you are one of the reasons why. I wonder if you think, Aldo Trani, that society has done worse by you than you have done by it.

Yes, you are an American, Aldo. But the America of most of us did not shape, and haunt and exalt your young imagination. I wonder why.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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Roman Night

By C. G. Paulding

THEY lighted bonfires in the streets of Rome. The people came out of their houses into the dark streets and there were no black shirts in the streets; the people stood in the middle of the streets saying at last it is over, at last he is gone. And if he is gone, they said, the war will be over, perhaps the war is over, and some said the war is over, thank God for peace. They said everything is fine; they stood there talking in the dark streets and a sick man lying in bed anywhere in Rome heard the rumor of the city, the whole city talking in the night. It was like the Armistice —the false armistice.

The people were everywhere in the streets but there were certain points toward which many of the people were drawn. For once not summoned, there was a great crowd in the Piazza Venezia for once not waiting to see the figure on the balcony. The crowd was there to prove that it could be there without the figure on the balcony. The same crowd which had shouted yes when asked to shout yes and no when asked to shout no stood now in the square refusing what it had not refused, resisting what it had not resisted, dismissing the already dismissed.

There was a great crowd in the square before the Quirinal cheering the King. Mussolini was gone, Ethiopia was gone, Libya was gone, and Sicily; practically everything had gone but there were still Italians, there was still the history of Italy; you had to hold on to something, you had to come back to something that seemed still to be Italian, that seemed still to be there. The post office in the Piazza San Silvestro was still there but you cannot cheer a post office. The bare plain of the Campagna was still there in the night outside the walls of Rome, beyond the suburbs; there was the fountain at Tivoli and then beyond there were the mountains and the villages in the hills; there was St. Mark's and Venice in the night, Ravenna with the canal to the sea between the dark pines, the arcaded streets of Turin, Genoa the Superb: the night was over Naples, Florence, Siena. The crowd stood there in the square before the King's Palace and outside Rome the night covered all Italy: the crowd turned to the King because that was one way of thinking of Italy, one way of hoping that something of Italy remained.

It was even one way of hoping that Mazzini remained, that the republic was not dead; it was one way of joining Mazzini to Cavour, to Garibaldi; it was one way of holding on to the past, holding on to the Italian villages and cities that were there in the night all over Italy, holding on to the statesmen of the Risorgimento, holding on to the communes, the free cities, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, the Papal States, the clericals and the anti-clericals; it was one way of holding on to all the contradictions of the past, the compromises of the past. The King had been humiliated as the crowd had been humiliated but the King was Italian as the crowd was Italian. The crowd and the King shared the same regret, the same humiliation. For this one night the crowd cheered the King because it sought to comfort Italy in order to comfort itself, to forgive the King in order to forgive itself, to hope in the King in order to hope in Italy and in itself. The crowd went to the King because the King had been weak as the crowd had been weak, as all Italy had been weak. The King had betrayed the Italians but the Italians also had betrayed themselves.

In the square before St. Peter's the crowd cheered the Pope. The crowd cheered the Pope because whenever things go wrong, whenever things are hopeless it is all very well to talk about pie in the sky but not when things have gone wrong for oneself, not when things are hopeless for oneself. It's all very well to say that the Vatican is the Vatican and that there are too many priests in Rome and that the priests should stay in the Vatican and it is all very well to say the opposite and that it is all the fault of the free masons. It is all very well to be a black or a white. It has been easy all these years to say that the Pope accepted fascism and easy to say that he never accepted fascism; it has been easy to say that the government is the government and if the Pope does not like the government he should overthrow the government and that will be fine only we are not going to be the first to move: we are not going to be sent to the islands, we are not going to be sent to jail, we have a living to make; the King should have turned Mussolini out, the Pope should have turned Mussolini out: we the Italian people have been waiting for someone to turn Mussolini out. We have waited so long that now defeat—his defeat and our defeat—has turned him out. And now things are desperate—he is defeated but we are defeated—and now we remember that the Pope said everything he could

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say without commanding us to be the heroes we refused to be, without commanding us to take the risks we refused to take, without commanding us to suffer as we refused to suffer. So we are here cheering him now because perhaps he can help us now that we want to be helped, now that we are willing to listen, perhaps he can keep the bombs away, perhaps he can bring us peace, perhaps he can make for us a new Italy. The crowd cheered the King, the crowd cheered the Pope; the crowd in Rome in the night, when the news came that Mussolini had gone, turned this way and that seeking assistance. The crowd had shared the weakness of the King; it turned to the King because it was a way of turning to all that was left of Italy; the crowd had listened to the Pope but it had listened also to Mussolini; it turned to the Pope because the other voice had been silenced.

In a narrow street back of the Tiber the crowd stood before Regina Coeli clamoring for the release of the prisoners. Here for the only time throughout the night the crowd made a definite demand. It had cheered the Pope and the King, it had insulted an empty balcony; here it asked that the gates of a prison be opened. They remained closed. There was in Rome that night no revolution; there was only defeat. Inevitably no Bastille could fall.

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If this picture of the Roman night is in the slightest degree emotionally correct, it becomes apparent that fascism is out but that anti-fascism is not in. The fear of anti-fascism is in. The King, the generals, the conservative forces are in power, in precarious power. Italy is in a state of siege under martial law. That is natural enough, for the Germans are still in Italy, the war is still on, and the people cannot be counted on to tolerate the presence of the former or the prosecution of the latter. But if the Germans were out of Italy and the Allied forces strongly entrenched in Italy there still would be martial law because there would still be the threat of anti-fascist revolution.

But if the fascists are out, if the fascist party is dissolved what is this anti-fascism that persists? This question is one of the major questions of the war. It is not just an Italian question; it is a German question, a French question, a European question and an American question. We are all anti-fascists and we are profoundly divided as to what we mean by anti-fascism. Consider only the French anti-fascist, the Italian anti-fascist, the American anti-fascist.

When France is freed from the Germans many strong and autonomous political parties with organized and strong popular support will immediately assume the responsibility of governing France. The French people are anti-fascist and they possess all the political training and instruments to reconstruct, the moment they are free, a political system and a political life which will be anti-fascist because it will be based on highly diversified opinion and effort.

But defeated Italy is not like France. There is not a diversified anti-fascist political system ready to replace the system which has collapsed. For twenty years all political opposition has been suppressed. The Italian people are anti-fascist in the sense that they are against the system which has collapsed; they are anti-fascist in the sense that they will turn also against Badoglio and against the King if these men are unable to free them of the strain which they refuse any longer to accept. But the Italian people have forgotten what elections are; they have forgotten what are political parties. For twenty years they have only known one party and it was the government.

What happened to Italian political parties? Of course they were suppressed. And then? The men of the bourgeois parties, the moderates and the conservatives, either submitted to fascism and became fascist or else sulked and disappeared or else attempted and succeeded in making the best terms possible with fascism. It is these men who lived in the margin of fascism, who were not fascists but who made no move against fascism, who attempted to keep their property, their money, who now—still without losing anything—would like to form the Italian government. The trouble is that their political parties have become inexistent. It is these men who necessarily will support Badoglio, the King and, if these fail, someone else, anyone else who can maintain order. They were never revolutionaries before fascism, they were not revolutionaries under fascism, they cannot become revolutionaries now. It is not in their character. It is absurd to call them fascist but it is even more absurd to think that they would ever want to change the traditional social and property structure of Italy. They could tolerate fascism because fascism was a fake revolution; fascism did not destroy their position. I am not talking about the extremely rich or the industrialists; these men were also employees, they were even small landowners, they were the wealthier peasants, they were shopkeepers. They were clericals and anti-clericals; they were the bourgeoisie; they were and are essential to the life of the nation. It is absolutely unrealistic to suggest that they must be excluded from the political life of the new Italy—if there is to be such a thing as a new Italy.

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And the parties of the Left? They showed a certain courage which the moderates have never shown and never will. Or you can put it that their aim of revolution admits of no compromise under any normal or abnormal government which op-

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poses it—the fascist government or the bourgeois—and so when they are driven underground by tyranny they really do go underground, they really survive, for neither their interests nor their minds are persuaded into toleration or collaboration. It is noticeable that in these first days after the fall of fascism it is the socialists, the Partito d'Azione (Lussu), which are the first to be heard from. And so, in order to survive as a party, in order to have some chance of having even limited popular support, in order to have remained in the minds and in the devotion of certain popular classes and interests, a party must from the start, from before fascism, have had an intransigent and clear revolutionary aim. The moderate and intermediate parties have their followers in normal times of parliamentary government. Under a dictatorship they tend to disappear. Their membership tends to be engulfed. They are not easily reconstructed in times of crisis. (Of such for instance would be Don Sturzo's Partito Popolare.) The communists survive—one may be sure that Badoglio already has been telling the United Nations about them—but the parties slightly to the left of center, slightly to the right of the conservative republicans—it is hard even to remember the endless variations—do not survive.

So that Italian anti-fascism, all that is vocal in Italian anti-fascism and most of what has suffered persecution, danger and imprisonment, is revolutionary in character. The underground is revolutionary. Italian anti-fascism sees in the fall of fascism the moment to alter radically the structure of Italy. Italian anti-fascism has been waiting for this moment; it is prepared for this moment. If it can grasp this moment successfully, it sees a people's revolution, spreading into Germany, spreading through Europe. It sees a popular revolution, a vast insurrection aiding, and aided by, Allied arms. It sees the King and Badoglio, the Vatican attempting to rob it of its hour. It sees the conservatives all over Europe abandoning Mussolini, abandoning Hitler, abandoning Pétain, abandoning the war, abandoning everything in order to avert this revolution.

I think revolutionary anti-fascism sees the situation very clearly.

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I think Mr. Grafton of the New York *Post* sees the situation very clearly and whoever in the OWI transmitted to Italy his remark about the "moronic" King saw the situation very clearly, and did his little bit to help. But I think it is time to stop talking about anti-fascism in a country where fascism has fallen and that the situation will be even more clear if we admit and make clear that we are speaking about revolution. Period.

Because if we use that word we in America can at least avoid deceiving men who have counted on our aid. We say that we are anti-fascist and the Italian anti-fascists think we mean what they mean. They think we mean that we will accept and even favor a European revolution *subsequent* to the fall of European fascism. Whereas the revolution we mean is only the limited revolution which will overthrow Hitler as it has overthrown Mussolini—the revolution of dropping the pilot.

Once that kind of revolution has taken place, our interest in revolution becomes extremely faint. At that point our interest shifts to what we call law and order and progress, our interest shifts to what we call government by consent, progress through slow persuasion, progress by incorporation into the structure of the state and not through abrupt attempt to create a new state.

That is why it is more than probable that our Italian policy will seek to preserve whatever government can hold together in Italy, now that fascism has fallen. There is no use telling us that fascism has not fallen; that only Mussolini has fallen. We do not believe that. Our policy will be to leave the Italian post-fascist revolution to be debated among Italians, but it will not be to bring revolution to Italy.

We may be wrong. If Europe is certain to embark upon a popular revolution and if we do not assist the revolutionaries who will be Europe's masters tomorrow, then it is evident that Europe will be our enemy tomorrow. If we try to save the conservative elements in Italy, in France, in Germany, then when these elements are defeated, we will share in their defeat. Then perhaps we will have a revolution in America, a revolution against our blindness and everyone then will be happy. But we are what we are. We are anti-fascist and we believe in reform through consent. We have a horror of chaos, even of revolutionary chaos, even of the most generous and noble chaos. It may astound an Italian anti-fascist revolutionary, but we are anxious to have people stop dying in Italy, we are anxious to feed the Italian people; we are anxious to provide the Italian people with a little surcease from the strain they have endured so that they may investigate the plans of the revolutionaries rather than have them imposed, so that they may decide for themselves—but not starving and not through riot—who shall own the factories, who shall till the fields, whether there will be a King or not.

Until some weeks ago Italy was governed by a one party system under the dictatorship of Mussolini. Those who opposed that system were called anti-fascist. The régime fell and, as I write, Italy is governed by a King, by generals, by carabinieri. Those who support such a government as being theoretically desirable are called monarchists. Those who accept it without believing in its theory are called conservatives: many accept it as a provisional, legitimate government until such time as

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they can persuade the Italian electorate (under a constitutional monarchy) to depose the King and install the Republic. But those Italians who oppose the monarchy, the generals and the carabinieri are called revolutionaries. There is no other name to name them by. Until the fascist state collapsed they were anti-fascist revolutionaries, they were anti-fascists. (We were all anti-fascists.) But now they are revolutionaries. Their aim is revolutionary and their techniques. They wish the people to arise and throw out the carabinieri, the generals and the King; they wish the armed forces to mutiny; they wish the representatives of a people in revolution to assume power and to remake the state.

There are Americans who wish them well. There is not an American who has traveled through Calabria, through the Puglie, through the Abruzzi who does not wish them well. Probably there is not an American soldier in Sicily who does not wish them well. There is not an American who has known the Italian poor who does not wish them well. He may not believe that what they plan to do is possible, he may think that the risk of chaos is too great, that the anger of the poor destroys the innocent with the guilty and that all social revolutions deviate from their purpose—but he will wish them well because their purpose is generous and they have cause for anger. But there is no American, save the irresponsible, who will not warn these revolutionaries that his government has not followed them, or can ever follow them, from anti-fascism into revolution. In simple honesty.

Enter the People

By **"Bartolomeo Strabolgi"**

This is a letter I have just received from a friend of mine, a man like me, exiled from Italy because he could not stand the shame of fascism. He did not mean to publish his opinions. So I don't feel entitled to give his name. Usually this statement is used as a literary trick. But this is not the case here. I actually did not write this text. If I decided to publish it, it is because I completely share its point of view and I think it very important, in the present situation, that the American public be acquainted with the feelings and reactions of as many Italians as possible—NICOLA CHIAROMONTE.

DESPITE Churchill's warning that he was not waging a war of liberation to make Europe safe for anarchy, the People have committed the unforgivable mistake of going ahead with the killing and creating upheaval. Fascists are dropped from rooftops in Milan, workers abandon their work to go on a killing picnic in Naples, all this under the horrified eyes of the new Foster Parents of this Orphan World of ours, who have repeatedly warned: children are expected to behave; no riotous "grownups" will be permitted in Europe until six months and four hours after liberation.

Also the King of Italy and Badoglio, who rushed to reinstate a decent form of government after a fit of absentmindedness which had lasted only twenty-two years, warned the country against "recriminations." But the people are terrible: see what they do.

It is indeed too bad that Badoglio should insist on the continuation of hostilities: this is the only point that divides him from the United Nations. Both are afraid of the people, so why don't they get together?

Spokesmen for the Administration are unanimous in interpreting Churchill's speech to mean two things: (1) that he is extremely anxious to deal with a régime—the King or Badoglio, anyone who can whip the country into submission. (2) That the Allied Military Government will make the fullest use of the existing political machinery as they are already doing in Sicily. The first thing means that the people *as such* are not expected to play any part in the overthrow of fascism, unless they do so to help the new government put them under the new yoke. This is why Badoglio rushes to outlaw the Fascist Party: he orders men to do what he knows they will do anyway. But they are already running much too far for his voice to reach them. If he wants to continue the game, he may soon catch himself ordering his own summary execution.

Yes, in the schemes of Mr. Churchill the people were nothing but a mere figure of speech for propaganda purposes. If this is exactly what the Axis radio says, it is not our fault. It's the exclusive fault of those who always display the most righteous indignation when Hitler or Mussolini enslave the people, but who, when they themselves prefer to liberate the gangster bosses from the anger of the enslaved people rather than liberate the people from the bosses, know how to display the most cynical Machiavellianism.

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The second implication of Churchill's speech means that "fascism without Mussolini" was exactly what he wanted. If keeping the same administrative personnel in power were to mean that the small fry, the powerless victims of fascism were not to be ousted, a statement of policy by the Prime Minister of Great Britain to this effect would be strangely out of proportion. It goes without saying that the United Nations will not take the trouble of replacing the postman who carried mail in Italian towns, or the starved scribe who compiled birth certificates for the children of fascist citizens. What Churchill meant was the prefects, the trusted servants of the fascist régime, people who have been appointed to their positions on the basis of their reliability as Mussolini's henchmen, and who today are protected and kept in power in homage to an uncourageous ideal of "order," which is the only definite thing these famous liberators seem eager to bring to Italy. But luckily enough, reality always betrays those who try to impose their own schemes on it.

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The people of Italy, who entered the play against the intentions of the stage manager, are now busily doing away with all the "keepers of order," with all the most important key men the United Nations seem so eager to inherit alive and unbruised from Mussolini. The amusing result of it all is that at this moment the safest place for a fascist Prefect is liberated Sicily, while in Axis occupied Italy they are being hunted down like mad dogs. The proof rests now with the United Nations, not with the Italian people. The State Department has repeatedly expressed its great disappointment over the fact that a two-year search for leaders in Italy has been fruitless, and that therefore, much against its heart, it is obliged to conclude that the Italian people are incapable of governing themselves.

The Allied diplomats who have been conducting and directing this thorough search belong by tradition to the "internationale" of diplomacy, which is a closed circle, an intellectual ghetto from which the diplomat can hardly ever escape. The "internationale" of finance, or that of the Catholic Church, are less dangerous than that of diplomacy, because they require certain qualities and passions which diplomacy discards altogether. The diplomatic internationale is based on a subtle, almost imperceptible kind of snobbery which anyone can unearth from his heart but very few can bury again.

It is a known fact that the only people with whom Allied diplomats had contacts were the top fascists. Had they ever wanted to contact the "leaders," they tried in vain to find them at Edda Ciano's Court; and assuming that their governments had authorized such contacts, which is again very doubtful, they would have found it practically impossible to outwit the fascist police. Even admitting for the sake of argument that this too might have been possible, those underground leaders, whose names will soon be known to the whole world, would never have trusted Ciano's friends—and rightly so. An anti-fascist in Italy had a pretty hard time to keep his name off the police files; a diplomat never had the slightest idea of the daily plight of those poor devils. He might have innocently revealed names and facts to some trusted friends; and Rome, like every town in the world, is made up of nothing but trusted friends. Now for the leaders of a post-fascist Italy, the fear of being included in the lists of the police was far more important than the hope of being included in the diplomatic list of future would-be rulers of their country, as compiled by the Foreign Office and the State Department.

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If the United Nations really mean what they say about the war of liberation, this is their best and perhaps their last chance after the lies and blunders of the North African situation. They must stop playing "official" and appeal to the people over the heads of Badoglio and the King. They must not be afraid of upheavals but display courage, like soldiers who know that war is war and may result in death. Revolutions are risky, of course, but there is no such thing as a war with the definite assurance that one will return alive. This hypocritical non-intervention into the internal affairs of other countries cannot fool anyone; it is nothing but plain intervention in favor of the fascists. Why? Because the present set-up is far from "normal," and is, to be more precise, *fascist*, as Mr. Churchill well knows. There is at present little hope that this will be done. But the people will continue to remain in the play, and will gradually crowd the others out of the stage. American troops will witness this and they will fraternize with the free people of Europe. Some of them, who have been brought up in the idea that freedom was theirs, because they inherited it from Grandpa Jefferson, might find it to be less old-fashioned than they thought, and instead of catching the disease of dictatorship from playing with the bad children of Europe, they might come home cured of their aristocratic attitude toward freedom.

But it is sad to see that in this really gigantic struggle (gigantic not only because big tanks are used) between an old, rotten and decaying world and the world of tomorrow, the leaders of the United Nations, and especially the people of the New World, should identify themselves with the rotten and decaying, and be terribly scared of the rising and the strong.

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"Out of Debt, Out of Danger"

A reply to a review

By **Jerry Voorhis**

THE COMMONWEAL for June 18, 1943, carried some notes on my recent book "Out of Debt, Out of Danger" by Monsignor John A. Ryan. Dr. Ryan, both as a man and as a great religious and social leader, I have profoundly admired through the years. But in good conscience and in justice to a correct understanding of my book I must make reply to his review.

The review begins by saying that the "Out of Danger" part of the title of the book has "misleading implications" because it will "suggest to readers" that "after the war the national debt will constitute a great danger to our national economy."

When the review argues that the national debt should not be regarded as a danger and speaks of an "easily attainable national income of 125 billion after the war," we must remember, as the book makes earnest attempt to help us to do, that we have so far only obtained such a national income under the impact of war. The review points out that in 1933 we had a debt of 22.5 billion, the interest on which was 1.8 percent of the national income in that year and that if our debt at war's end is no more than 250 billion (which we hope it won't be) and if our national income continues at a rate of 125 billion a year (which we fondly hope it will but which it never has), then the interest at 2½ percent on the debt will be "only" 5 percent of our national income. Further, according to the review, we paid interest amounting to 665 million in 1933, and, assuming again a debt no greater than 250 billion at war's end, we shall have to pay $6,250,000,000 at 2½ percent in 1945. But, says the review, "the additional $5,585,000,000 could be produced many times over by adequate tax rates."

But somehow an "addition" which amounts to nine times an original sum seems so large an "addition" as to change fundamentally the whole situation!

Moreover we live in a finite world. And in that world there are limits to the wealth even America can produce in a year's time. So there must be limits also to the extent to which our national debt can be increased without danger. And while, as the book takes pains to point out, we cannot concern ourselves with the increasing debt while we have this war to win, we do need some terminal facilities with regard to it in the after-war period.

The general philosophy of the review offers no hope of such a stopping point as I shall presently show. My book does.

The book points out that $5,727,000,000 is the "most the United States Government ever has raised by taxation in a normal peacetime year." This would not even take care of Monsignor Ryan's "addition." Nor does his 5 percent of 125 billion allow anything for reduction of the principal. It offers no hope for a lightened burden in the future. Neither does it take account of such other expenditures as our government will be called upon to make, of our obligations to the 10,000,000 veterans of this war, of our duty to maintain and extend our social security system, of the expense of rehabilitation, or of outlays for necessary public works.

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It might be different if the bonds representing our national debt were evenly held by all groups in the population. But in spite of the superhuman efforts of the Treasury to secure such a universal distribution the fact remains that in the last and greatest bond sale drive—that of April—only 7 percent of the amount sold was bought by individuals and the great bulk was sold to banks for new money created on their books in form of demand deposits. This means that at war's end the interest income from the bonds will be, in greatest part, received by the banks and a few large investors but that the burden of paying the interest will fall upon the nation as a whole.

The American people can and will pay for this war. They can and will pay 5 percent of their incomes in interest on the national debt after the war. They can and will do a lot of things that are hard—*if they have hope for the future.* My book was written to give them some such hope. For I am convinced it must be a better hope than the Old Deal of the Republican Twenties with its inevitable 1929 collapse. And I am also convinced it must be a better hope than the New Deal Thirties with their reliance on constantly expanding national debt to finance public works employment.

The whole burden of my book was to set forth the broad outlines of new conceptions and new

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methods with regard to money, credit and debt which in my judgment are necessary to prevent continuous and ultimately really dangerous increases in the national debt after the war has been won. The argument is carried down from the beginning of America as a nation and is, with due modesty, well documented. And the main point—entirely overlooked in the review—comes over the question as to what we should do about "debt that ought not to be debt." That phrase refers to national debt which comes about as the result of the purchase of government bonds by private banks with new money created without cost upon their books for the purpose of buying the bonds.

Monsignor Ryan does not attempt to defend this practice. He simply disregards it except to express the fear that if, instead of borrowing our own national credit at interest from the banks, we sold non-interest bearing bonds to the central Federal Reserve banks, "this device might easily bring about an injurious inflation of the currency." In other words, we must assume that the sale of interest bearing bonds for new bank-deposit money—the thing we do now—is not likely to bring about inflation (though it is at present the major cause of it!) but that if we required the Federal Reserve banks to exercise without exacting interest from the nation the essentially governmental power of money creation which has been given them, then there would be danger of inflation.

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The review states that "the book fails to put the reader on guard against the inference that the bankers' power to manufacture money must bring them enormous profits," and then goes on to say that from 1923 to 1935 banks averaged earnings of only 4.07 percent on their capital other than Federal Reserve Bank stock on which they are guaranteed 6 percent. Whether or not the book does a good job of putting people "on guard" it certainly does explain what has been happening to the banking business and the changes in it that largely account for the apparently modest rate of earnings. On page 105 there appears the following:

> As time has gone on—especially during the period of the New Deal—banks have done less and less of the kind of lending—short-term, self-liquidating loans to business men—which was supposed to be the heart and soul of America's money system. Instead, the banks have gone in for creating money for the government and the government has gone in for making loans. It hasn't been altogether the banks' fault. As long as Congress allows bankers to take their choice between creating money out of thin air and buying 100 percent safe government bonds with it or making venture loans to business involving risk and possible losses now and then, it is easy enough to guess which the banks will choose. And they have.

It is not the profits of banks with which "Out of Debt, Out of Danger" is concerned, but rather the very great power over the lives and fortunes of the entire nation which inevitably rests with any agency that creates and destroys that nation's medium of exchange.

"Out of Debt, Out of Danger" does make frequent mention of that provision of the Constitution which gives to Congress power to "coin money and regulate the value thereof." Monsignor Ryan states that this is a case of "misplaced emphasis" and "wrong interpretation." For, says he, "the clause has nothing to do with paper money." Now one of the main reasons for this provision coupled with a corresponding prohibition against the states was to prevent the states from issuing the vast amounts of paper money which they had been issuing in the years just previous to the formation of the Constitution, and to make it clear that money should be created only by the national government. And it is a fact that the state issues did stop.

Are we then to infer that the Constitution intended to vest the power of monetary issue in private hands? The Supreme Court, as Monsignor Ryan himself points out, decided in the legal tender cases in 1866 that the word "coin" did include paper money. This was the first time such a case had come before the Court. And surely if today our Constitution means anything at all, the power given to Congress to coin money must be properly interpreted to mean to coin (or issue) the money which the nation actually uses.

But Monsignor Ryan also objects to the idea that Congress is given power to "regulate the value" of money except in the very narrow and comparatively unimportant sense of fixing the gold content of the dollar. He says that the word "value" does not mean "purchasing power" and that "this clause was intended to prevent not fluctuations in the purchasing power of money but debasement of the coinage." If he is right, the Federal Reserve Act certainly is unconstitutional because one of its avowed aims and purposes (one, however, never actually achieved) was to stabilize the purchasing power of money. And are we to take the position that Congress does not have the right or power under the Constitution to do anything about preventing inflation or deflation, or establishing a stable price level for which Monsignor Ryan himself contends in this very review of my book?

Surely the famous "Gold Clause" decision made it abundantly clear that "value" in the opinion of the Supreme Court means "purchasing power." And it is quite impossible for any other reasonable or practical interpretation of the word "value" of money to be given. Our constitution has been described as a living document. If so, certainly the word "value" cannot be relegated to the golden graveyard of Fort Knox. It will be recalled that when in 1934 the number of grains of gold in the

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dollar was reduced 40 percent it made no appreciable difference whatsoever in the price level in the United States.

One of the constructive proposals advanced by "Out of Debt, Out of Danger" is that the 12 Central Federal Reserve Banks, since they act as banks of issue of the money of the United States, should belong to the government. Monsignor Ryan speaks not unkindly of this proposal but says "it is not as important" as it appears to me to be.

For example: On page 179 of the book there appears the statement that if the Congress should provide for purchase of the capital stock of the 12 Central Federal Reserve Banks it would "reduce the public debt immediately by at least $2,436,000,000, the amount of United States bonds held by the central banks on May 8, 1942, and bought with credit on the books of the banks created for that purpose." It is not altogether surprising that Monsignor Ryan finds it hard to "understand the implications of this transaction" and even questions the "morality" of recapturing the bonds. For until one fully grasps the very great significance of the power of monetary creation its consequences will always be a bit amazing. It is hard indeed to understand how these central banks with a capital stock of only $144,000,000 (only half of which has ever been subscribed) and belonging completely to the private member banks of the system could acquire $2,500,000,000 worth of United States bonds. But facts are facts and they do own them. As to how they got them let, not my words, but those of E. A. Goldenweiser, Chief of the Research Department of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, give the answer. Mr. Goldenweiser's explanation appears on page 163 of my book where he who runs may read that:

> A Reserve Bank, on the other hand, derives the funds available for its loans and investments from powers conferred upon it by Congress. The capital it has is prescribed by Congress and constitutes a small part of the funds at its disposal. The other source of funds of the Reserve banks is its power to issue notes and to accept and create deposits.

It was then by act of Congress that the power to create deposits was conferred on the Federal Reserve Banks. From my point of view—this power is an essential part of sovereignty and never should be given away by the nation to any private institution. In any case, however, the twelve Central Federal Reserve Banks have acquired $2,500,000,000 of government bonds not by the use of their capital or by giving up one single dime of purchasing power, money, or anything else, but purely by the exercise of their power to create deposits. Now if Congress should buy those twelve central banks, to whom should the $2,500,000,000 of bonds belong if not to the people of the United States? Would it be more "moral" to distribute them to the member banks which now own the Federal Reserve Banks?

Monsignor Ryan concludes his review by saying:

> So long as the price level remains fairly stable, unemployment is not due to a lack of money in circulation. The problem is not monetary but industrial. Increased purchasing power for the masses must come from increased production, which in turn must be provided by a better distribution and by government expenditures on public works. If these measures are adopted in sufficient volume, the supply of money will automatically become ample, even under the Federal Reserve System as it now exists and functions.

A whole chapter in my book is devoted to the story of how and why the price level in the United States has been most unstable. And certainly our experiences of the last fifteen years are hardly cause for encouragement as to its future stability. Indeed "Out of Debt, Out of Danger" is dedicated to the proposition of achieving a stable price level —a thing we have, substantially, never had up to this time in the US. And further Monsignor Ryan says that the answer to unemployment and depression is, and I concur, "increased purchasing power for the masses." He says this must come from "better distribution" and "government expenditures on public works." To "better distribution" we will all agree. But as to the public works, there are but three possible sources whereby they can be financed. The first is by taxes, but if this be used, no net increase in purchasing power results of course. The second is the method of scientifically controlled governmental credit creation, without debt, to an exposition of which as a key to future American prosperity my book is devoted. The third is by borrowing from the banks, by a further increase in the national debt—a device which Monsignor Ryan appears to believe can still be used after the war without limit, but whose continuing use in that period appears to me a very weak reed indeed upon which to depend both from an economic and a political point of view.

And so the value of Monsignor Ryan's review of my book must rest largely on the question as to whether or not the size of the national debt and its carrying charges are important considerations. Monsignor Ryan says no, and is entitled of course to his opinion. I have said yes, and have explained why in portions of my book upon which Monsignor Ryan did not touch in his review.

Finally my book assumes that America's hopes for the future—certainly her hopes for operating a free economic order successfully—depend upon our having a dynamic economic life, one wherein there will be constantly increasing production, distribution and exchange. In this I take it Monsignor Ryan and I see eye to eye. But whereas he says that the supply of money will "automatically become ample" under the present monetary system, it is the contention of my book that this will only happen if either there is a constant increase in the national debt or we make certain

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salutary changes in our monetary system. Repeatedly in the book—again in portions not referred to in the review—it is explained why expansion of private debt cannot give us the increased supply of money we shall need to accommodate increasing production and give us the stable price level on which Monsignor Ryan largely rests his case. Briefly, the reason is that the outstanding change in the banking business in the past two decades has been the sharp decline in the self-liquidating short-term loan. And equally briefly it can be pointed out that expansion of private debt cannot go on forever without the price of bankruptcy and depression sooner or later being paid.

To the careful reader the central point of my book will be quite clear. The book does not propose unlimited issues of money by the government, but it opposes unlimited creation of bank deposit money by private banks—particularly when such newly created money is used to buy United States government bonds. The constructive proposal of the book, if carried out, would not cause, but prevent the inflation the review fears. It would also be an effective means of preventing deflation.

At present the only way we can secure additions to our monetary supply, however badly needed they may be, is by increasing our national debt. The main thing "Out of Debt, Out of Danger" seeks to do is to change this situation and to make it possible in the future for needed increases in the active purchasing power of the country to be had without increasing the national debt. For otherwise either the debt must be continually increasing as our economy expands and production increases, or else production itself must be halted in order to avoid the piling up of insupportable debt.

Of course, to those who can complacently view the future of our national debt my book has no especial message. But to those who wonder where we shall get the money for public works and the care of veterans, for ordinary expenses of government, it does have a message. And I believe it is a message of hope. And above all to those who believe we cannot afford a period of unemployment after this war and who assume that if necessary government must step into the picture with measures to prevent such unemployment it should have a message. For as my book says, whether inner circle New Dealers are worried about the national debt or not, the American people are worried about it—or at least will be when their far greater worry about the war is passed. And unless all signs in and out of Congress fail, that concern will stop short in its tracks the very program of "government expenditures on public works" upon which Monsignor Ryan relies for the increased purchasing power of the masses which he himself says is necessary if unemployment is to be avoided.

The Fate of Willi Schmid

By KARL STERN

ON JUNE 30, 1934, during the famous purge, a certain Willi Schmid, music critic of one of the well-known daily papers in Munich, was taken away from his house and shot; no reasons were given. However on the same day it was discovered that he had been the victim of a mistake. The SS guards, in their great zeal, had mixed up two people of the same name. A stormtroop leader Willi Schmid, apparently one of the traitors of the party, had been on the black list. The mistake was barely discovered when it was "rectified"—the "true" Willi Schmid was shot on the same day.

The story as it is related here could be just one of many anecdotes from Europe's past decade, anecdotes full of senseless cruelty. On the other hand we may ask ourselves, like the Friar in Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey," was that man slain by murderous coincidence?

Willi Schmid's friends have published a collection of his essays, letters and poems, with a biography, and the funeral obituary by Father Peter Doerfler, Bavarian priest and novelist. The book is called "Unfinished Symphony." After reading it one feels, all at once, as if that man's death reached far beyond the realm of the accidental. This book was published in 1937 in Germany—possibly the reason why it contains scarcely anything that would compromise Schmid politically from a nazi point of view; anything of that sort would, of course, have prevented its publication. There are, incidentally, a few sentences which could be interpreted in such a compromising way. On the other hand there are remarks which can, if one tries, be read as if Schmid belonged to those intellectuals who strained themselves to find a bridge toward nazism.

The story of his childhood sounds rather like the romantic biography of a southern German poet and musician. His spiritual food was Goethe, Stifter, Moericke and Latin and Greek poetry. There were people who later remembered him as a schoolboy sitting in a Munich street car with a volume of Virgil or Catullus. It was the custom that the boy who led his class should give a speech at the commencement exercises. He was chosen to do this but, instead, performed a cello sonata by Richard Strauss.

He began his university years by studying philosophy and romantic philology at Munich, later the history of art in Rome. When the first World War broke out he enlisted as a volunteer. The war left him stranded, like so many others, barely alive. Typhoid fever in Serbia, an abdominal

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gunshot wound from the Battle of the Somme; both left him an invalid for years to come. During those years he studied pedagogy, history of art and music, and in 1923 received his doctorate with a thesis on Don Bosco.

In 1924 he first began to edit old choral works and Mozart's church music in Pustet's *Musica Sacra*. At the same time he found employment as music critic on one of the Munich papers. During the following ten years he was most productive, unearthing ancient pre-Bachian music. His journeys of research took him to Berlin, Prague, Paris, Milan, Turin. He made some most delightful discoveries. Even the month preceding his death yielded valuable findings in monasteries at Ravenna, Cividale and Padua. However, deciphering those scores alone did not satisfy him. He studied the old instruments, especially ancient types of viola, such as the viola da gamba, and soon he was able to perform the music. This he did together with other violists, and with Julia Menz, the eminent harpsichord player. Moreover, it was he who supported and stimulated Wolfgang Graeser during the reconstruction of the "Art of Fugue," Bach's gigantic musical testament which, up to that time, had consisted of seemingly unconnected fragments like a rubble of stones that have to be rebuilt into a celestial temple.

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The purpose of this article is not to enumerate Schmid's scientific achievements, nor to describe in detail the story of his life and work. Let us try to look at him against the background of the weird, ghost-like chiaroscuro, Munich: 1934. There is one thing about him that strikes you very forcibly and at once—that is the curious mixture of a somewhat simple patriotism with the "European" attitude. This seemed to be inherent with him and not acquired on some intellectual detour. This peculiar brand of *Europäertum* is quite characteristic of Bavaria. It was manifest, especially in peasants and the "simple folk," even in this century. No doubt it was a residuum of medieval cosmopolitanism. While the intellectuals of Europe were gradually getting rid of nationalism, the peasants of Southern Catholic Germany had not yet accepted it. With them there was a feeling of friendship for, or at least never any really hostile feeling toward, Latin peoples. This Latin and European affinity was, as everyone knows, the main reason why originally Bavaria did not display any enthusiasm for Bismarck's imperialism.

While reading little essays of Schmid's on Paris, Verona or Gmund, on Casals, Picasso or Slevogt, you have a familiar sensation which you cannot identify at first. Ah, there it is—the same we had when reading Mozart's letters from Paris, Rome, Dresden or Prague, or the diary of some medieval

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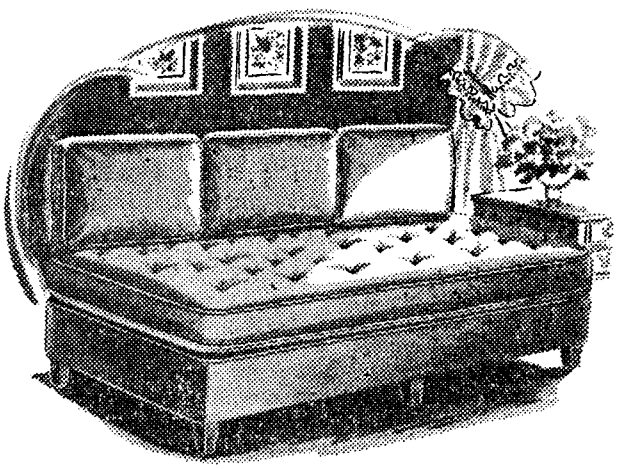

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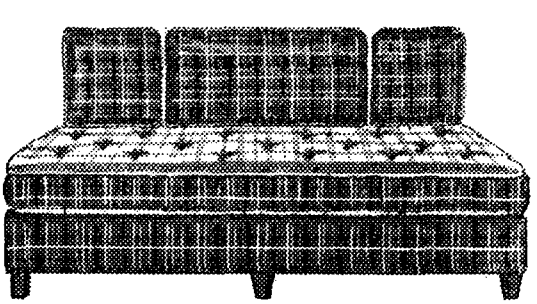

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traveling craftsman. It is a European cosmopolitanism which has its roots in the soil of cultural tradition and is not acquired by philosophical speculation. Schmid says in one of his most beautiful essays (The Catholic Element in Mozart) that Mozart's music is *naturaliter christiana;* the same way one could say about people like Schmid, that they are *Weltkinder* by nature, sometimes in spite of narrow provincialism. As far as he was concerned, it is some sort of Latin patriotism which is obviously irrational, certainly not political, on the contrary, something of an "erotic" nature (in the sense that he himself occasionally uses this word). Let us quote from an essay called "Parisian Impressions":

> The general picture of the streets, the way the girls walk, the students argue with one another, the workmen have their meals, all this is somehow pervaded by a Latin atmosphere. I am resting in the shade of the plane-trees near the Quai of the Island of St. Louis and I am watching the fishermen. Their stoic calm is the same as in the days of Bouvard and Pecuchet, the same as depicted by Daumier who lived in that pretty little ancient house next to Baudelaire. Once more you hurry to see your Watteaux in the Louvre; once more you experience that feeling of happiness when facing the early Greek relief which a benevolent philologist has christened *"l'exaltation de la fleur."* Strolling across the Place des Vosges you pass that grandiose Victor Hugo—Parisians celebrating enthusiastically the *centenaire du romantisme*—do not distinguish very much between him and the really great Delacroix. Again you buy the same fresh wholesome fruit from the ladies of the Halles. Everything is as it used to be. You are again surprised and amused by the church of Sacré Coeur; its architecture is like majestically blaring brass music. However, while I gaze from the Eiffel Tower over Paris in the mild, veiling light of the setting sun I am reconciled with everything. I am greeting Les Invalides, the Seine and Notre Dame. There it is, Paris has caught me again.

There is nothing very original about all this and we have read similar things in other essays on Paris. And yet when you hold these lines against the background of a certain *petit bourgeois* Upper Bavarian element in the book, they glow in an enchanting light.

However, the most remarkable feature of this man is something else—the perfectly homogeneous synthesis of artistic and spiritual, or, better, of musical and religious values. The word "synthesis" is not quite correct, for it implies that these elements once existed separately. In his case one cannot conceive of them separately; this is the most moving impression these little essays, in themselves not very significant, convey. Music is religion, allegiance to something; and religion, on the other hand, is deeply interwoven with its modes of artistic expression. *"Musica sacra* penetrated and tempered *musica vulgaris,* the firstborn, with its creative breath," he says. This profound organic relation is apparent everywhere, in his essays on Mozart and Bach as well as in that article on Paris. There he finishes up in his own home, as it were, with the Benedictines of Solesmes and with the Gregorian chant, after having dealt with interesting technical details on Landowska and Casals, and on Cortot's interpretation of Couperin and Debussy.

Now we approach more closely the tragic irony, the symbolic paradox of such a life and such a death. Nietzsche, not the neurotic of the "blond beast" and the "Antichrist," but the other Nietzsche, the prophetic historian, has recognized the specific German tragedy—that political power and spiritual greatness exclude one another entirely. The Germany of Bismarck and that of Bach cannot live side by side; while one is in bloom the other must needs perish.

On a bright June morning in 1934 the storm-troopers entered the house of a man with the common name of Willi Schmid. Did he protest? Did he swear to his innocence? We do not know. He was taken into a police yard, put against the wall and shot. Immediately afterward it was seen that all this had been a mistake. A mistake? It is no matter whether this was really a mistake, or a mistake faked by a personal adversary. The latter possibility is very unlikely, according to people who knew the situation. All of us who have read his story feel that it was no accident at all, it was not "one" Willi Schmid who fell a victim. It almost appears as if his common and typical German name, marking him for his fate, was no mere coincidence. No, he and his name symbolize that German element which was murdered "by mistake" in that most senseless of all revolutions.

After Nietzsche had already become mentally deranged, there was found among his possessions a peculiar document; a warrant to arrest and shoot Bismarck. Bismarck was to Nietzsche the symbol of a Germany he hated deeply, the Germany of military might. This silly, grotesque little incident sounds like the symbolic reversal of the tragedy of Willi Schmid. Here a personal individual event and the super-personal, symbolic destiny are but one. Here Thornton Wilder's Dominican would not find it difficult to decide between chance in its cold mathematical aspect and fate in its high significance.

Is it not extraordinary that they found among the excerpts on Schmid's desk, a quotation from the letters of Saint Bernard to Pope Eugene the Third: "Ordinatissimum est minus interdum ordinate fieri aliquid" ("It is quite regular that sometimes something irregular should happen"). This idea appears quite frequently in Schmid's writings, the apparent irregularity of things which are regular in a higher sense, the perfection of things which are imperfect on a natural plane. For example, he says about Mozart: "The fact that the *Requiem* remained unfinished appears to have a mysterious significance, as it has in the case of unfinished Gothic cathedrals, of Bach's Art of Fuge, and of Saint Thomas's Summa." What a motto for his own life!

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Therefore we may be almost certain that he was able to live through those last hours of cruel darkness with some inner light. In a beautiful essay on a Bavarian Franciscan, Sister Maria Fidelis, he speaks several times of the vicarious suffering of unknown individuals. Curiously enough he touches on this idea in connection with the history of post-war Germany. "Christ's sacrifice is of infinite value and lacks nothing. We, however, are often not worthy to partake of it. We can become worthy of it through our suffering and through the suffering of others. Oh, highest mystery. . . . Her life of sacrific coincides with the storm which shook our country during the post-war years. We who hear about God's mysterious work in her soul feel as if we had been aided by a stream coming from this well." No, we do not know the secret of his last hours, and no one ever will, but it seems that we may now apply the last sentences of that essay to the writer himself:

> Such a hint . . . is not meant for the curious. Their desire to be thrilled by the miraculous is not fulfilled in this case. However, some others will be humiliated by the ever-new miracle of Christ's working. They will be humble and grateful that our country was considered worthy of something sacred at a time when Antichrist seems to rule the world.

The Screen

Satyrs and Nymphs

"*HEAVEN CAN WAIT*" is the story of a man who *thought* he was quite a Casanova. That he was a success as a Great Lover only in his own eyes is revealed as Henry Van Cleve tells the story of his career to His Excellency in Hell's reception room. But even as Henry talks and as flashbacks show the scenes he describes, it becomes obvious that Henry is missing the point and that it was not he but the people around him who determined the path he followed. He thought women fought over him from the beginning: his mother and grandmother; the little girl who succeeded in getting *both* of his beetles; his mother's French maid (delightfully played by Signe Hasso) who used him in her own interests. This only child was hopelessly spoiled by doting, wealthy parents and by a grandfather (portrayed in excellent humor by Charles Coburn) who saw in Henry's naughtiness his own youth as a gay blade.

On his twenty-sixth birthday (the events from the seventies to the present are mainly a kaleidoscope of Henry's birthdays) Henry (now portrayed by Don Ameche who turns in an excellent performance) is used to having his way, so when he wants his cousin's fiancée (Gene Tierney) he takes her, and their elopement creates quite a stir in the family. However, grandfather chuckles and sends them money. As the birthdays pass, Henry's wife has a great deal to put up with, but she understands her philandering husband; even after threatening to divorce him on his thirty-sixth birthday and running home to her vulgar family in Kansas, she returns to Henry and the Van Cleve household. But not till years later does she admit that she set her hooks for Henry. Ernst Lubitsch has directed Samson Raphaelson's witty screenplay with his tongue in his cheek, and the film is full of the sly touches which the Lubitsch name represents in cinema. "Heaven Can Wait" has a continental flavor crammed with subtle and inexplicit deviltry that makes it gay adult entertainment. It is a little longer than necessary; I found the Kansas episode rather tiresome and unconvincing. But as a coy period piece, the film is quite successful. The costumes and sets in good technicolor fit the mood beautifully and help to give the effect in several scenes of sophisticated tintypes.

Perhaps if you forget all about Margaret Kennedy's original novel that fascinated so many readers back in the twenties, you will have half a chance of enjoying the movie of *"The Constant Nymph."* The changes are so many and so great that it is a pity that Warner Brothers didn't choose a new name for their film. Whatever subtlety the book had has been lost in its transcription to the screen; and the gay, utterly mad, irresponsible tribe called the Sanger Circus has become a family of girls running up and down a papier maché Swiss chalet in some artificial Alps. The boys were dropped from the story entirely; and papa, the famous composer (played by Montagu Love) looks like the well-known picture of elderly Brahms at the piano. Kathryn Scola's script is mainly a series of sketches of the book's three leading characters. As played by Charles Boyer, Lewis Dodd is not a thin, ascetic, unstable young Englishman mainly interested in himself. Instead, he is a thirty-ish, vaguely continental composer who didn't grow up with his years. Tessa Sanger, "the best" of the wild brood, is made quite lovely by Joan Fontaine, but she lacks the real spirit of the book's untameable Tessa, and for some reason she starts dying from the picture's beginning. Alexis Smith gives Florence Churchill the cold, snobbish quality of an English beauty, but she almost succeeds in making the characterization completely unsympathetic—something Margaret Kennedy did not have in mind. As her father, Charles Coburn practically steals the picture from the principals with his

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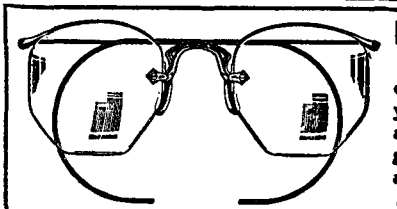

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caricature of a rather stuffy Englishman. The four actors turn in splendid performances.

As "The Constant Nymph" now stands, the plot is mainly about a composer whose compositions lack heart because he has never suffered. Struck with Florence's cool beauty, Lewis marries her and finds himself completely out of place in the silver sty created by her money and her desire to make this genius fit into her idea of proper society. Tessa runs away from school, joins their household. Lewis's interest in her develops into love. Tessa has been in love with Lewis from the start but refuses to hurt Florence. Tessa is able, however, to inspire Lewis to compose a symphonic poem that has "heart" because he suffers. No doubt my antagonism toward this film is due to my expecting to see "The Constant Nymph." What I saw was a rather heavy, sweetly-sad romance. Its romantic mood is heightened and carried forward by Erich Wolfgang Korngold's fine musical score. Some of Edmund Goulding's direction is good, particularly in individual scenes in which he handled the leading characters well. But most of the film is slow and conversational; the action is more talked about than acted. All of which goes back to the argument that started with the beginning of movies: does the movie-maker have a responsibility to film a book as it is written or can he toss an author's work around to suit himself? In this case I wish "The Constant Nymph" had been left alone.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

DO YOU KNOW LABOR? *James Myers. John Day.* $2.00.

How Come the Revolution?

REPORTS from Italy speak of mobs marching through the streets of Milan and Genoa singing the "Internationale." This gets one wondering about a number of things, among which is the fact that such a performance would be practically impossible in an American city. Back about 1937, when we were young and full of zip, we participated in a big demonstration of the New York proletariat in City Hall Square. The demonstration centered mostly around the theme of "We want jobs, not relief, but as long as we must have relief, let's have a little more of it." All perfectly sound and reasonable, as you will readily agree if you remember 1937, but as usual in such matters the comrades were well to the front. By the way, the book we are reviewing is "Do You Know Labor?" by James Myers, and the only reason we mention it here is because the managing editor insists that we do so in the first paragraph.

In this demonstration there was an extremely long picket line that wound around the square a little like those college snake-dances after football games, but infinitely more sedate. There were plenty of picket signs and a certain amount of slogan shouting, and this encouraged a man who was several pickets behind us to shout out, in a heavy Lou Holtz accent, but with all the embittered passion of an old revolutionary: "Down with capitalism!" This did not seem out of keeping with the spirit of the occasion and, in fact, at the time we were thinking something vaguely similar ourselves. But almost at once a young picket captain came running up and said to the shouter, "No, comrade, no! None of *that*." As a matter of fact, if in the monster depression of the 1950's things should come to such a pass that workers' demonstrations are moved to break into the "Internationale," we would like to wager that the young communist organizers run through the crowd shutting them up and switching the boys to a stirring rendition of "God Bless America."

This brings us back to Mr. Myers and "Do You Know Labor?" which is an excellent little survey of the labor front. Mr. Myers makes the well-made point that if you want labor to be conservative, you must give it something to conserve. But the strange and interesting thing is that American labor is already highly conservative with nothing more substantial to have and to hold than "the old American dream," which, freely translated, means getting the hell out of the proletariat and joining the ranks of the bosses, the property-holders, the respectable and the well-insured. It is a dream that dies hard. It explains a number of things, such as the fact that this is probably the only country in the world where two of the most prominent labor leaders—Hutcheson of the carpenters and Lewis of the guess-whats—could consistently support the party of big business. Or the fact that the huge white-collar class of clerks and office workers, the most shamelessly exploited group in the country, still refuses salvation through trade unionism because it simply cannot bear the idea of losing its lovely bourgeois complexion.

But there are compensations, as Mr. Myers indicates. Unlike European labor, American unionists do not yet feel the existence of a deep and bridgeless abyss between themselves and the employer class, even though in many instances the abyss may be staring them in the face. Consequently, the chances of bridging the abyss, of persuading capital to look upon labor more as partner and less as slavey, is probably much brighter than it ever was in Europe.

Mr. Myers is a kindred soul. He is for all the right things: strong unions, capital-labor cooperation, profit-sharing, consumers' cooperation, racial justice, even world government. It is interesting and encouraging that he holds the important job of Industrial Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. For there is scarcely anything in his book that doesn't have a parallel in the encyclicals or the statements of men like Monsignor Ryan and Father Monaghan. "Do You Know Labor?" is a little forbidding in format, but solid in substance and written with humor and rare wisdom.

The Inner Forum

The Schools Question in England

TWO DATES are essential, 1870 and 1902. The former date marks the introduction of compulsory education. Up to that time education had been available to those who could afford it. Education for the poor, such as there was, had been fostered by the churches, the Church of England mainly, and ourselves and the Nonconformists to a less extent. Herein lay the first snag that the promoters of the 1870 Bill encountered. To have taken over the church schools after they had been built, staffed and maintained by the local churches would have been an act of open confiscation. On the other hand, to have adopted

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them as they were and accepted all future financial obligation for them would have meant the virtual endowment from public funds of the teaching of the Anglican Church. Against this the Nonconformists, for social quite as much as for religious reasons, vehemently protested; so did we, though our reasons were mainly dogmatic. Hence the first of many compromises. The churches were allowed to retain their schools and were assisted with grants from the treasury. The state confined itself, in the words of Mr. Forster, the Minister of Education, "to filling in the educational gaps" by providing where necessary schools **built and maintained entirely at the rate-payers'** expense.

In the church schools religious instruction continued to be given according to the formularies of the owning church; in the "provided schools" religious teaching had perforce to be undogmatic and consequently (a Catholic will not be surprised to learn) it soon became weak, attenuated, and in many schools tended to disappear altogether or took on a purely ethical character. The system of grants-in-aid too was educationally a vicious principle since it was conducted on the line of payment-by-results. This inevitably led to an unseemly scramble for pupils and, worse still, to the pushing forward of bright children who might earn distinctions (and therefore more money) for their schools to the neglect of the less brainy.

On these unsatisfactory lines public elementary education was conducted for a generation. In 1902 a comprehensive attempt was made to deal with the whole subject and to fashion it into a coherent national system. To do this some means had to be devised for bringing the Church schools, our own and the much more numerous Church of England schools, into the national system. It soon became apparent that this attempt was going to tax the ingenuity of the legislators to the utmost.

Our position we made clear from the outset and generally speaking it had the support of the Church of England party, a potentially powerful but unfortunately not too reliable an ally. We held that the teaching of the Christian religion is an integral part of the education of a Christian child, and that it cannot be divorced from secular instruction since it provides a meaning and purpose to life and therefore should inform and coordinate all education in order to mold the perfect man. Naturally this definition of education was challenged, and is still being challenged, by the secularist, agnostic and anti-religious elements in the country, powerfully reinforced by the Nonconformists who (I am afraid it must be said) allowed their jealousy of the Established Church to blind them to the true interests of religion, their own as well as ours. From this unfortunate and paradoxical alliance (for the Nonconformists were in other respects deeply religious men) there arose a concept of the place of religion in education which is the exact opposite of ours. Had they come in with us in the first instance, agreed with us and the Church of England on the broad principle of the need for formal religious instruction while insisting on their right to teach their own children their own formularies, there would have been no religious question. Instead they evolved a theory, which suited their irreligious allies, by which religion is treated as, so to speak, an educational "extra" having no relation to general culture and capable of being adequately taught at home or in Sunday schools. We would have none of this; we stated quite clearly what alone would satisfy us—Catholic schools for Catholic children taught by Catholic teachers. From that position we have never budged.

"It is of the very nature of Christianity to provide new solutions for new situations" —*says Christopher Dawson*

What distinguishes the Christian view of history from that of secular philosophy is above all the belief in the divine government of the world and the intervention of the spirit in history and in **the power of man to resist or co-operate** with this divine action.

These conceptions are most clearly expressed in the prophets of Israel, who are in a special sense the bearers of the Sword of the Spirit. For the prophets not only give an interpretation of history in terms of the Kingdom of God and the Divine Judgment, they also show **the power of God manifesting itself,** above all in the Prophetic Word. . . .

In all the crises that changed the course of history they saw the hand of God, and for each crisis **there was also a corresponding Word** which it was the mission of the prophets to declare. If God withheld His Word, or if it was perverted by false prophets, the course of history ran blind. . . .

Today Christianity is implicated in history just as much as Israel was in the age of the prophets, though there has not as yet been time for Christians to adjust their minds to what has happened. Social and political issues have become spiritual issues and the Church cannot abstain from intervention without betraying its mission. . . . Therefore **the Church must once more take up her prophetic office** and bear witness to the Word, even if it means the Judgment of the Nations and an open war with the powers of the world. . . .

Civilization must be replanned **from the opposite end to that from which the Capitalist and Communist and Totalitarian organization has proceeded.** The elements in Society which have hitherto been left to take care of themselves must become the elements most carefully protected and highly valued. . . .

What we must look for is **not an alliance** with the Temporal Power as in the old Christianity, **but a re-ordering of all the elements** of human life and civilization by the Power of the Spirit. . . .

We must face the fact that there is as yet no World Civilization in the same sense as there has been a European civilization in the past. **The new world is a civilization of civilizations,** a world society made up of different peoples or nations united in different culture provinces. . . .

Christians have a responsibility to this new world which Europe has created in spite of itself by its scientific achievements and its colonial and economic expansion. **For demonic powers have entered the empty house** of secular civilization and are not to be exorcised by the economist or politician.

—Quoted from Christopher Dawson's THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS, Price $2.50.

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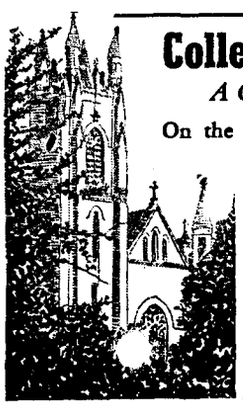

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So the fight was on. It lasted for five or six years and ended, as political fights in England mostly do, in a compromise. The main terms of the settlement were: the church schools remained the property of the denomination owning them; the state (through the local education authorities and from the rates) provided the running expenses, i.e., the salaries of teachers and caretakers, the cost of books and apparatus, lighting and heating, and the expenses of "fair wear and tear"; on our part we were responsible for the external upkeep of the fabric. Permission to extend existing schools or to erect new schools had to be obtained from the local authority before they could be recognized and financed on the above terms. But the most important part of this settlement was that we retained the appointment of teachers, subject only to a veto by the L.E.A. on educational grounds. The procedure is that each "non-provided school" is governed by a board of six managers, four of whom are appointed by the trustees of the school (in our case the Bishop of the diocese) and the other two by the local authority. To them belongs the duty of appointing the teachers and generally of conducting the school according to the requirements of the education authorities. This is the essence of what is known as the "Dual System of Control."

That, briefly, is the settlement inaugurated by the Bill of 1902 and that has remained substantially to the present day. By it we retained our Catholic schools for Catholic children and ensured that they should be taught by Catholic teachers. But obviously it has many weaknesses, the most important being the virtual acceptance by the state of the Nonconformist view of the position of religion in education. All—believers and unbelievers alike—have to pay the education rate from which public education is financed. It is only when these moneys come to be disbursed that a distinction is made. Then the state says in effect: "If you are satisfied with a purely secular education then the state will build your schools, staff them and maintain them entirely out of public funds. If, however, you want religion taught in your schools, then you must pay for it to the extent of erecting the schools at your own expense and maintaining them." That there is any justification for this discrimination, on democratic, economic or educational grounds is demonstrably false; we pay the same rates and taxes and are therefore entitled to the same consideration; it is no more expensive to educate a Christian than to educate an atheist or an agnostic; and the Christian religion is, to say the least, as great a cultural asset as stark materialism.

In the years between the two wars, despite financial stringency, many schemes were launched to improve the conditions and *matériel* of public education. With the public purse to draw on, the local authorities found little difficulty in complying with the increased demands of the reformers. It was quite another story with the Church schools which had to rely for their support on congregations already suffering from the effects of the slump. It was inevitable that some at least of the Church schools should be unable to keep up the increased expenditure.

In view of all these facts it is not surprizing that dissatisfaction and discontent became more and more vocal as time went on. So when last year the Government announced its intention to tackle once more the educational question, it was evident that a clash was imminent; and it may well prove to be as intense and disruptive as were the battles of 1902-1908. The first shot was fired, surprisingly enough, by the Trades Union Congress. I say

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"surprisingly" because the trades unions had never before had an educational policy or indeed evinced any previous interest in the cause of education. Even as it was their resolution was little more than a pious wish for betterment, *except* that it included a demand for the abolition of dual control. This was more surprising still, coming from the T.U.C., since the principle of dual control is designed to safeguard the rights of a minority—and a working-class minority at that. For if you are a rich man in England, you may have your child educated in whatever religion you prefer, or in none at all; but if you are a poor man you will, if the principle of dual control is abolished, have to be content with whatever religious affirmations or negations the local authorities see fit to give you.

What prompted this incursion of the T.U.C. into the educational controversy? The answer is plain. The National Union of Teachers is a constituent member of the Trades Union Congress, and the N.U.T. has never liked the dual control system, first because the appointment of teachers to church schools is not in the hands of one central committee, but is exercised by numberless boards of managers, one for each school; and secondly because it contravenes their famous slogan, "No tests for teachers!" An American reader might be forgiven for thinking that this meant that English teachers repudiated the need for examinations in the subjects they are asked to teach. And in fact that is exactly what it does mean in this particular context. Members of the N.U.T. look upon themselves as civil servants and as such deny the right of anyone to inquire into their religious beliefs or disbeliefs. That is understandable if one is appointing a sanitary inspector or a collector of taxes, and not so understandable if one is appointing a teacher of religion.

The N.U.T., however, powerful as it is, would not be able of itself to destroy the dual control system. But there are other interests that are, directly or indirectly, inimical to the continued existence of the church schools. Foremost among them, of course, are the definitely anti-religious bodies such as the militant communists, more Russian than Stalin. They are not very vocal (because it does not pay), but for that very reason their influence may be greater than we reckon for. Then the local authorities are not enamoured of dual control since it blasphemes against the twin gods of bureaucracy, centralization and unification. Economists, too, point out that the system frequently entails duplication of services and personnel, thereby increasing the cost. And there is still a Non-conformist tradition of opposition to the Church of England schools, though the more religious-minded among them have come to doubt the wisdom of their forebears when they allowed themselves to be nobbled by the secularists against the true interests of religion, just as the trades unionists now are in danger of being nobbled by the N.U.T., against the best interests of democracy.

S. J. GOSLING.

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Rosemont, Pa. Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Fully accredited. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514. Address Registrar.

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA

Dallas, Pennsylvania. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union. Regional and national accreditation. Early registration is desirable. Address: Registrar.

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

Immaculata, Pennsylvania. A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. National and Regional Accreditation. Courses leading to the degrees: A.B., B.S. in Science, B.S. in Home Economics, B.S. in Economics and Business, B.M. Pre-Medical, Pre-Legal, Teacher Training Courses. Placement Service. Accelerated Program. Summer Term: June 13 to September 4, 1943. Catalog and View Book on request. Address: Registrar, Immaculata College, Immaculata, Pa.

NEW JERSEY

CALDWELL COLLEGE

For Women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Caldwell, New Jersey. Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Teacher and Secretarial Training.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

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JUNIOR COLLEGE—GIRLS

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